

LD2185

.L7c

1901



First Dinner

— of —

The Harvard Club

— of —

Southern California



California Club

Los Angeles

December 28

1901



LD 2185

L7 2

Know'st thou the land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the gold orange grows in the deep thicket's gloom;
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?

Gift
Author

M-106

9. F. n. 3-3-06



Massachusetts

NUNC EST BIBENDUM, NUNC PEDE LIBERO
PULSANDA TELLUS: NUNC SALIARIBUS
ORNARE PULVINAR DEORUM
TEMPUS ERAT DAPIBUS, SODALES.

BILL OF FARE

TOKE POINT OYSTERS, ON SHELL

OLIVES GREEN TURTLE SOUP CELERY
 RADISHES

BAKED STRIPED BASS
AU COURT BOUILLON

FRIED FROGS' LEGS
SAUCE TARTARE

ROMAN PUNCH

ROAST SPRIG DUCK WITH HOMINY
BROWN POTATOES GREEN PEAS
 LETTUCE

CAKES BISCUIT GLACÉ CAFÉ
 NUTS RAISINS

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum?

Io Baccy! Sine Bacco fugit Venus.



HARVARD COLLEGE, Dec. 28, 1901

..... is directed
to come to the Office to-day, between 7 and 12 P. M.
and show cause why he should not be conditioned in music.

Holdridge Ozro Collins.

for the Registrar.

ODI PROFANUM VULGUS, ET ARCEO.
FAVETE LINGUIS: CARMINA NON PRIUS
AUDITA MUSARUM SACERDOS,
VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO.

FAIR HARVARD.

I.

FAIR HARVARD! THY SONS TO THY JUBILEE
THRONG,
AND WITH BLESSINGS SURRENDER THEE O'ER,
BY THESE FESTIVAL RITES, FROM THE AGE THAT
IS PAST,
TO THE AGE THAT IS WAITING BEFORE.
O, RELIC AND TYPE OF OUR ANCESTORS' WORTH,
THAT HAS LONG KEPT THEIR MEMORY WARM
FIRST FLOW'R OF THEIR WILDERNESS! STAR OF
THEIR NIGHT,
CALM RISING THRO' CHANGE AND THRO'
STORM!

II.

TO THY BOWERS WE WERE LED IN THE BLOOM
OF OUR YOUTH,
FROM THE HOME OF OUR INFANTILE YEARS.
WHEN OUR FATHERS HAD WARNED AND OUR
MOTHERS HAD PRAYED,
AND OUR SISTERS HAD BLEST, THRO' THEIR
TEARS;
THOU, THEN, WERT OUR PARENT, THE NURSE OF
OUR SOULS,
WE WERE MOULDED TO MANHOOD BY THEE,
TILL FREIGHTED WITH TREASURE, THO'TS,
FRIENDSHIPS AND HOPES,
THOU DIDST LAUNCH US ON DESTINY'S SEA.

III.

WHEN, AS PILGRIMS, WE COME TO REVISIT THY
HALLS,
TO WHAT KINDLINGS THE SEASON GIVES
BIRTH!
THY SHADES ARE MORE SOOTHING, THY SUN-
LIGHT MORE DEAR,
THAN DESCEND ON LESS PRIVILEGED EARTH:
FOR THE GOOD AND THE GREAT, IN THEIR BEAU-
TIFUL PRIME,
THROUGH THY PRECINCTS HAVE MUSINGLY
TROD,
AS THEY GIRDED THEIR SPIRITS OR DEEPENED
THE STREAMS
THAT MAKE GLAD THE FAIR CITY OF GOD.

IV.

FAREWELL! BE THY DESTINIES ONWARD AND
BRIGHT!
TO THY CHILDREN THE LESSON STILL GIVE,
WITH FREEDOM TO THINK. AND WITH PATIENCE
BEAR,
AND FOR RIGHT EVER BRAVELY TO LIVE.
LET NOT MOSS-COVERED ERROR MOOR THEE AT
ITS SIDE,
AS THE WORLD ON TRUTH'S CURRENT
GLIDES BY;
BE THE HERALD OF LIGHT, AND THE BEARER
OF LOVE,
TILL THE STOCK OF THE PURITANS DIE.

INTEGER VITAE.

I.

INTEGER VITAE, SCALERISQUE PURUS,
NON EGET MAURIS JACULIS, NEC ARCU;
NEC VENENATIS GRAVIDA SAGITTIS,
FUSCE, PHARETRA.

II.

SIVE PER SYRTES ITER AESTUOSAS,
SIVE FACTURUS PER INHOSPITALEM
CAUCASUM, VEL QUAE LOCA FABULOSUS
LAMBIT HYDASPES.

III.

NAMQUE ME SILVA LUPUS IN SABINA,
DUM MEAM CANTO LALAGEN, ET ULTRA
TERMINUM CURIS VAGOR EXPEDITUS
FUGIT INERMES.

IV.

PONE SUB CURRU NIMINUM PROPINQUO
SOLIS, IN TERRA DOMIBUS NEGATA;
DULCE RIDENTEM LALAGEN AMABO,
DULCE LOQUENTEM.



Dane Hall

LANDLORD.

I.

COME, LANDLORD, FILL YOUR FLOWING BOWL
UNTIL IT DOTHS RUN OVER,
COME, LANDLORD, FILL YOUR FLOWING BOWL
UNTIL IT DOTHS RUN OVER,
FOR TO-NIGHT WE'LL MERRY, MERRY BE,
FOR TO-NIGHT WE'LL MERRY, MERRY BE,
FOR TO-NIGHT WE'LL MERRY, MERRY BE,
TO-MORROW WE'LL GET SOBER.

II.

THE MAN THAT DRINKS GOOD WHISKY PUNCH,
AND GOES TO BED RIGHT MELLOW,
THE MAN THAT DRINKS GOOD WHISKY PUNCH,
AND GOES TO BED RIGHT MELLOW,
LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE,
LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE,
LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE,
AND DIES A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

III.

THE MAN WHO DRINKS COLD WATER PURE,
AND GOES TO BED QUITE SOBER,
THE MAN WHO DRINKS COLD WATER PURE,
AND GOES TO BED QUITE SOBER,
FALLS AS THE LEAVES DO FALL,
FALLS AS THE LEAVES DO FALL,
FALLS AS THE LEAVES DO FALL,
SO EARLY IN OCTOBER.

THE LAST CIGAR.

I.

'T WAS OFF THE BLUE CANARY ISLES,
A GLORIOUS SUMMER DAY,
I SAT UPON THE QUARTER DECK,
AND WHIFFED MY CARES AWAY,
AND AS THE VOLUMED SMOKE AROSE,
LIKE INCENSE IN THE AIR,
I BREATH'D A SIGH TO THINK IN SOOTH,
IT WAS MY LAST CIGAR.

CHORUS.

IT WAS MY LAST CIGAR,
IT WAS MY LAST CIGAR,
I BREATH'D A SIGH TO THINK IN SOOTH,
IT WAS MY LAST CIGAR.

II.

I LEANED UPON THE QUARTER RAIL,
AND LOOKED DOWN IN THE SEA,
E'EN THERE THE PURPLE WREATH OF SMOKE
WAS CURLING GRACEFULLY;
OH WHAT HAD I AT SUCH A TIME,
TO DO WITH WASTING CARE!
ALAS, THE TREMBLING TEAR PROCLAIMED
IT WAS MY LAST CIGAR.

CHORUS.

III.

I WATCHED THE ASHES AS IT CAME
FAST DRAWING TOWARD THE END,
I WATCHED IT AS A FRIEND WOULD WATCH
BESIDE A DYING FRIEND;
BUT STILL THE FLAME CREPT SLOWLY ON;
IT VANISHED INTO AIR;
I THREW IT FROM ME, SPARE THE TALE,—
IT WAS MY LAST CIGAR.

CHORUS.

IV.

I'VE SEEN THE LAND OF ALL I LOVE
FADE IN THE DISTANCE DIM,
I'VE WATCHED ABOVE THE BLIGHTED HEART,
WHERE ONCE PROUD HOPE HATH BEEN;
BUT I'VE NEVER KNOWN A SORROW
THAT COULD WITH THAT COMPARE,
WHEN OFF THE BLUE CANARY ISLES
I SMOKED MY LAST CIGAR.

CHORUS.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

I.

LAURIGER HORATIUS,
QUAM DIXISTI VERUM,
FUGIT EURO CITIUS
TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.

CHORUS.

UBI SUNT, O, POCULA,
DULCIORA MELLE,
RIXAE, PAX ET OSCULA,
RUBENTIS PUELLAE.

II.

CRESCIT UVA MOLLITER,
ET PUELLA CRESCIT;
SED POETA TURPITER,
SITIENS CANESCIT.

CHORUS.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Done into United States by C. J. E.,
Class of '65.

I.

POET OF THE LAUREL WREATH,
HORACE! TRUE THY SAYING—
“TIME OUTSTEPS THE TEMPEST’S BREATH,
FOR NO MORTAL STAYING.”

CHORUS.

GIVE ME THE CUPS THAT BACCHUS CROWNS,
CUPS WITH MIRTH ATTENDING—
GIVE ME THE BLUSHING MAIDEN’S FROWNS:
FROWNS IN KISSES ENDING.

II.

SWEETLY GROWS THE GRAPE,—THE MAID,
EACH IN BEAUTY PEERLESS:
BUT TO ME BEREFT AND SAD
WINTRY AGE COMES CHEERLESS.

CHORUS.

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD.

I.

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD,
IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD,
IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD,
 TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY;
 TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY,
 TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY,
IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD,
IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD,
IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD,
 TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY,

II.

FOR WE THINK IT IS NO SIN, SIR,
TO TAKE THE FRESHMEN IN, SIR,
AND EASE THEM OF THEIR TIN, SIR,
 TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY,
 TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY,
 TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY,
IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD,
 ETC.

III.

FOR WE THINK IT IS BUT RIGHT, SIR,
ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHT, SIR,
TO GET MOST GLORIOUSLY TIGHT, SIR,
 TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY,
 TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY,
 TO DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY,
IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD,
 ETC.

IV.

BROTHER QUIDAM IS UP IN A PEAR TREE,
BROTHER QUIDAM IS UP IN A PEAR TREE,
BROTHER QUIDAM IS UP IN A PEAR TREE,
 IO! IO! IO!
 IO! IO! IO!
 IO! IO! IO!
ONCE SO MERRILY DRINKS HE,
TWICE SO MERRILY DRINKS HE,
THRICE SO MERRILY DRINKS HE,
 IO! IO! IO!

V.

BROTHER QUIDAM'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
BROTHER QUIDAM'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
BROTHER QUIDAM'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
 AS ALL OF US CAN SAY,
 AS ALL OF US CAN SAY,
 AS ALL OF US CAN SAY,
ONCE SO MERRILY DRINKS HE,
 ETC.

FINALE.

SO SAY WE ALL OF US,
SO SAY WE ALL OF US,
 SO SAY WE ALL!
SO SAY WE ALL OF US,
SO SAY WE ALL OF US,
SO SAY WE ALL OF US,
 SO SAY WE ALL!

AULD LANG SYNE.

I.

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT,
AND NEVER BROUGHT TO MIND?
SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT,
AND DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE?

CHORUS.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE, MY DEAR,
FOR AULD LANG SYNE;
WE'LL TAK' A CUP OF KINDNESS YET
FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

II.

WE TWA HA'E RUN ABOUT THE BRAES,
AND PU'D THE GOWANS FINE;
BUT WE'VE WANDERED MONY A WEARY FOOT
SIN' AULD LANG SYNE.

CHORUS.

III.

WE TWA HA'E SPORTED I' THE BURN,
FRAE MORNIN' SUN TILL DINE,
BUT SEAS BETWEEN US BRAID HA'E ROARED.
SIN' AULD LANG SYNE.

CHORUS.

IV.

AND HERE'S A HAND, MY TRUSTY FRIEN',
AND GIE'S A HAND O' THINE;
WE'LL TAK, A CUP O' KINDNESS YET,
FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

CHORUS.

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